

## THE EXAMINER.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Thoughts on Emancipation—No. 13.

I am still disposed to make extracts from Judge Underwood's Address on Colonization. He says, "Take the tables of population of the different States, as exhibited at our different federal enumerations, consider the extent of territory of the several States, their age, and their progress in improvement of every kind, and I think the unprejudiced mind will be compelled to admit that the non-slaveholding States are entitled to pre-eminence. It cannot, in the nature of things be otherwise; because labor is honorable, and the mass of the people work in the non-slaveholding States; whereas, labor is not looked upon as honorable, and a large portion of slaveholders and their children, will not work in the slaveholding States. The free laborer, knowing that he will enjoy the products of his labor, endeavors to make it as productive as possible. He therefore works in proper time, does his work well, and does a great deal of it. Whereas, the slave, knowing that his earnings are at the disposal of a master, who will enjoy the greater share, works out of season, slights his work, and does as little as possible. If he can escape the stripes of the overseer, it is all he cares for. The consequence is, that the master meets with endless vexations, growing out of the manner in which the slave performs the allotted task. The master's temper, and his ill temper is too often vented in cruelty upon the slave; who, in return, cherishes the deepest hatred, ready to burst forth in vengeance, whenever it can be gratified with impunity. Owing to the great skill and diligence of free men, their labor will yield, in a day, month, or year, more than the labor of the same number of slaves, during the same space of time. The consequence is, that the non-slaveholding States undersell the slaveholding States, and likewise furnish a variety of articles for sale, which are not manufactured in the slaveholding States. This operates upon the slaveholding States as an enormous tax, continually draining them of their specie and valuable products, to pay for articles which are called 'Yankee Notions.' Immense sums have been transferred to New England from this State for 'Yankee Clocks.' These things are creditable to the industry and enterprise of free laborers. They prove, beyond all doubt, that the non-slaveholding States, will, in proportion to their population, possess more wealth than slaveholding States. Wealth commands the stores of comfort and the fountains of knowledge. The land of New York, containing 46,000 square miles, is worth more than all the negroes and land of Virginia put together, although her territory contains 64,000 square miles." pp. 12, 13.

If these views are in accordance with facts there is an appalling disparity between the free, and the slave States. And is there a man in Kentucky who can call in question the statements of Senator Underwood? Were they not true when first made in 1832, and have not the developments of every subsequent year confirmed their truth? Do not the signs of the times indicate that the free States have the pre-eminence, and that they will ever have it? Is not Kentucky compelled to admit, humiliating as the admission is, that she is tributary to the free States? She depends, in a great degree, on the fabrics of the free States to clothe her population—*even her slaves.* It is probable that four-fifths of the boots and shoes worn in Kentucky are manufactured in free States. What a singular fact it is that outstripping New Englanders make the shoes that protect the feet of Kentucky negroes from the cold of winter! This circumstance, if serious considerations are not connected with it, might well excite the risibility of the nation. Kentucky dependent on Massachusetts' and so dependent that it is almost optional with the citizens of the latter State to say whether those of the former shall wear clothes to wear or shoes to put on! How ruinous is the system of slavery, extracting, as it does, the elements of independence and self-subsistence from the Commonwealth in which it is allowed to exist! Will not Kentucky see her true interests?

A SOUTHERN KENTUCKIAN.

DECEMBER 15th, 1847.

### To the Editors of the Examiner.

GENTLEMEN—As the time is near at hand when it is expected a Convention will be called, to change the Constitution of the State of Kentucky, and as the slave question will be one of the most important, that will be agitated in that body, I propose to suggest a few reasons to show the necessity and advantages of adopting a free system of labor, instead of our present system; to do this it will be necessary to show some of the disadvantages of slavery; its unproductiveness, &c., &c.; this can be very strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the effects and results of the free labor of Ohio, and the slave labor of Kentucky, in its different branches. At present I will present some facts, as shown by the census, as to the manufactures of the two States—

Value of various manufactures

metals in Ohio, \$782,901

do. do. Kentucky, 164,080

Balance against Kentucky, \$618,821

Value of granite, marble, &c.,

manufactured in Ohio, \$236,131

do. do. Kentucky, 8,820

Balance against Ky., \$227,311

Value of bricks and lime manu-

factured in Ohio, \$712,697

do. do. Kentucky, 240,919

Balance against Ky., \$471,778

Although Ohio has only about double the population of Kentucky, you see that her preparations for building are almost three times as great. What better evidence could be given of her prosperity and growth.

Value of woollen goods, manu-

factured in Ohio, \$685,757

do. do. Kentucky, 151,246

More than 4 to 1 balance

against Ky., \$534,511

Ohio manufactures 3,603,036

lbs. soap worth, \$288,000

Ky. manufactures 2,320,607

lbs. soap worth, 186,000

Balance against Ky., \$102,000

Ohio manufactures 2,318,436

lbs. candles worth, \$186,000

Ky. manufactures 563,635 lbs.

candles worth, 45,090

More than 4 to 1 balance

against Ky., 139,910

Value of carriages and wagons

manufactured in Ohio, \$701,228

do. do. do. Kentucky, 168,724

Balance against Ky., more than

4 to 1, \$532,504

Barrels of flour manufactured

in Ohio, 1,311,964

do. do. Kentucky, 273,088

Balance against Ky. more than

one million, 1,038,866

of barrels worth three millions of dollars.

From these tables it is indisputable that Ohio far exceeds Kentucky in manufacturing—but why? It is not because of her location, or soil, or climate, but because her laborers are free—they receive the profits of their skill, industry, and good management. Give Ohio all her present advantages as many more if you please; but introduce slave instead of free-labor, say to her artisans and mechanics, the only reward you can, or shall receive from the products of your labor will be a plain subsistence; and at once all progress, all improvement ceases, and the now busy hum of machinery will rapidly decline.

The profit of labor is the natural stimulant to industry and exertion—and the denial of it in Kentucky, and the granting of it in Ohio, to the laborer, is the cause of the superiority of the latter over the former—but enough for the present.

### GREEN RIVER.

The two following communications are sent to us by female friends. They are full of beautiful sentiments naturally expressed, though written evidently, by unpracticed writers:

CHRISTIAN LOVE.—A Christian should pursue a steady, consistent course of piety, and strive to be humble, watchful, and holy—loving and doing good to all. Moving onward with an intrepid, firm step to that haven of rest which is prepared for the upright in heart. How important then, that those who have espoused the cause of Christ should be careful to avoid all appearance of evil! How many followers of Christ do we see from day to day, who excite many a fear that they are strangers to converting grace! Their harsh and selfish ways are more calculated to provoke and disgust, than to win the affections of those with whom they associate. The Christian's love should be shown by attending to the thousand little offices of kindness which may promote the happiness and comfort of others. "Be pitiful, be courteous," the Apostle says, "the kindly affectionate to one another, with holy love, in honor preferring one another in lowliness of mind—let each esteem others better than himself." If this were the case among Christians at the present day, how different the state of the Churches would be, and I might say of the world. I have been pained to see so much selfishness amongst the different denominations of this place—to see so little of that charity that our Saviour speaks of in those that have professed to the world that they were born of God—"God is Love." "By this you may know that you have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." How different would this beautiful world be that God has given to us, if Christians would live as they are commanded; and how calm and peaceful would be their lives! The air would breathe new odors, and the balmy gales bring refreshing dews from heaven—and the Christian's life would be envied by those who know not the love of God. We should hear it said of them: "Behold how these brethren love one another!" How lovely and calm the life of a devoted Christian! How pleasantly they glide along in the world! The sorrows and trials of life give way to peace and calmness, and the thought of being liberated from sin and death lifts the soul up to nature's God, to bask in eternal love.

### STRAY THOUGHTS.—

There is a sorrow heavier than that felt by one whose love lies buried—an aching void that knows no sympathy. In youth when life is one happy spring-time, the pleasures of love can allure us; and woman, formed for love, then may drink deep at the fountain. But, alas, for the uncertainty of earthly happiness! Time hastens on, her heart's first object still reigns supreme; but a wish has grown with her love—a deep abiding wish planted by God's own hand—who will heartlessly scoff at its existence—who will blush to confess it? Have you not felt a longing to hold close to your heart a tendril of yourself? In the long night have you not started to listen for the cry you heard in your dream?

Think of the time to come—far off from you now, for you are still fresh in years—when cold age will come to you; and it may be that the hand of death has fallen upon your hope, your only one! The loved one may have passed away, and a dream only remain of the happy times gone by. Then you may well drop if there be not one green shoot from the blighted stem; and your eye be dimmed by tears; for there is no reflection of your past light, poor mariner, to shed a beam upon the dark wave that overwhelms you.

How little we poor mortals enjoy of what is truly life's happiness—"Pass on, pass on," should be the motto of all men. Even the perfection of great aims is forgotten in the rapidity of their execution, and many exclaim, "shall I spend years that I may accomplish this or that?" This is often said in respect to music, upon whose pleasures too few are willing to bestow a few hours of a life-time. But how is that spent! That soul must be devoid of feeling that finds no sweetness even in simple strains from an

unpracticed voice; then how delightful, when, though it be by years of toil, you have once mastered the laws of harmony, and become skilled in the wonderful expression of sounds; to feel the touching influence of those thrilling notes; to give yourself up with passionate impulse, and wander away to a land of dreams, made for you by some master hand in song. The wonderful power of instrumental music, the command of what appears almost impossibility, it is worthy of all admiration; but the voice—its tones fall upon the heart like refreshing dews from Heaven. Always when I dream of music, I hear sweet songs, and I never look upon a lovely woman, without wishing to hear her sing. When she tells me she cannot, and complacently says, "Oh, the years of practice," I think with regret of those many hours of life past in idleness, which, if given to music would pay us in grateful enjoyment, that would serve to smooth the rough paths of life.

### Geological Survey.

We have, through the industry of the St. Louis Republican, a sort of semi-official report of the Geological Corps organized in May last, and ordered by the General Government to make a Geological survey of the extreme and unexplored portions of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, under the direction of Dr. D. D. Owen.

The country on both sides of the Mississippi, north of the Wisconsin and Turkey Rivers, and south of St. Croix and St. Peter's rivers—the Wisconsin, Prairie du Chien, and Black Rivers—all the branches of the Chippewa, St. Croix, Bois-Brule, Montreal Rivers, and the west fork of the Bad River, have been explored from their respective mouths to their respective sources. Two more years will be required to complete the survey in the three States.

A detailed survey has been made in connection with the linear survey of the southern portion of the Chippewa land district, as well as the region on both sides of Lake St. Croix, and between that lake and the Mississippi. The whole extent of the country of which a reconnaissance has been made during the present season, is estimated to be equal, in area to the State of New York.

### The Republican says:—

As respects the geology of the section of country surveyed, its rocks belong, in a great measure to the primary and Silurian, or protozoic formation. The lower magnesian lime-stone, the lead-bearing rocks of Southern Missouri, is found on the west side of the Mississippi river from Turkey river, which enters the Mississippi near Prairie du Chien, to the St. Peter's river, and extends in various localities, indications of considerable lead mines.

On the eastern side of the Mississippi river primary rocks are met with in places from forty to sixty miles from the river. These granitic rocks are nearly vertical. On the western side of the river, the rocks are of the Silurian, or protozoic formation, as well as of the most durable, as well as of the most beautiful; which, at no very distant period, will be valuable as articles of commerce, as the great valley of Lake Superior, to the south, is formed of secondary rocks, which are far inferior for the permanent construction of edifices.

Throughout this primitive region, the granite rocks make their appearance in a succession of rounded knobs, elevated from ten to fifty feet above the waters of the surrounding country. Their general range is north-west and east. These rocks present considerable variations in character, and are composed of some of the most beautiful, and in some places, of the most massive and durable of the primary rocks. In the vicinity of the Lake Superior copper is found, and no doubt valuable mines of this mineral will be, hereafter, discovered in these ranges, equal to any heretofore found farther west, and also Superior, to the south, is formed of the same range. In the vicinity of these trap ranges, the land is tillable, the soil good, and generally covered with a rich growth of the sugar maple.

At the Falls of St. Croix, fifty or sixty miles from the Mississippi, there is a grand outburst of greenstone, epidote and porphyritic trap, forming a series of dykes, 170 feet and more in elevation, above the surrounding country, and forming a series of native copper carbonate, and probably gray sulphure.

At the Falls of St. Croix, immediately in juxtaposition with the trap, in some places embedded in the disintegrated portion of these rocks, are beds highly charged with lingulars and orbiculars, some, if not all of them, probably of undoubted age. These beds differ in lithological character from anything observed elsewhere, and are composed of lingulars and orbiculars, probably of the same species as in equivalent beds of Potsdam sandstone in New York, making them of great geological interest, as they are unquestionably of a date of fossiliferous beds never noticed in the West, and as rich in remains of these forms of mollusca as any of the most fossiliferous beds of the Ohio valley. Some distance above these lingulars and orbicular beds, and in the same strata, we have a stratum of the lithological character of the hydraulic limestone. These strata are of great geological interest as they make acquainted with some of the oldest forms of organic existence yet brought to light in this country, and furnish a new clue to the identification of strata. In the rest of the trap are found portions of the adjacent fossiliferous rocks, and are connected to portions of the trappean rocks with their fossiliferous and even well formed.

The magnetic variations in the granite and trappean ranges are often great, so much so at times as to reverse completely the direction of the poles. A variation fluctuating from five to twenty degrees on either side of the true meridian was common in this region.

In this region there are about thirty different species of animals, most of them valuable for their fur; the rivers and lakes contain a large variety of fish, and great abundance of them of superior quality for food. There are in the district forty-five distinct species of forest trees, constituting twenty-five genera, and embracing twelve of the natural orders. The most valuable are the white and yellow pine, the hemlock and the sugar maple.

The forests of hemlock on the head waters of the streams on the East side of the Mississippi, are capable of affording an ample supply of bark for the West.

The yield of the sugar maple tree in Minnesota is so luxuriant that an Indian Squaw can obtain during the sap-season, with imperfect utensils, 300 pounds of sugar! Minnesota will, be at some period, second only to Louisiana, in the production of sugar, so abundant is the growth of the maple tree in the Territory.

There are in operation on the waters of the Wisconsin forty-five saws; on the Black River sixteen saws; on the Chippewa seven saws; on the St. Croix twelve saws—making in the whole eighty saws. And each saw is capable of turning out annually half a million feet of sawed lumber, worth in St. Louis say half a million of dollars.

Wild rice, superior in taste, and more nutritious than the rice of South Carolina, grows abundantly and indigenously in this portion of the Great West. The cranberry, too, is an indigenous vegetable of this region! Would it not be strange, if the wild North West should supply the Union with rice and sugar? It will do so, if this report be correct. Minnesota, now a waste, will be a State in ten years, and in ten years a million and a half of the people will work the soil, and flourish in the free States of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois! Wonderful revolutions are in progress! Free soil and free labor will, in long, rest on slave culture from our land!

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Notwithstanding Elliot's fierceness and ardor in his Corn-Law Rhymes, he can sing the quietest of simple life as purely and sweetly as over they were sung. It is only where his great force of nature, which he thinks is right, or of anathema which he believes to be foully wrong, that his harsh words acid the tongue and set fire to the heart. We think his mind is more deeply exercised and feels a more satisfying sense of fullness when he writes in this vein, but still, he often does not draw sweet and touching pictures of pathetic beauty. The address of The Dying Boy to his Sister is as pure a piece of pathos as ever was written. Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I think his mind is more deeply exercised and feels a more satisfying sense of fullness when he writes in this vein, but still, he often does not draw sweet and touching pictures of pathetic beauty. The address of The Dying Boy to his Sister is as pure a piece of pathos as ever was written. 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# THE EXAMINER

J. C. VAUGHAN, EDITOR.  
F. COBB, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LOUISVILLE, JAN. 1, 1848.

## Consent.

Senator Dickinson, a Northern man, does not hesitate to declare the issue presented by the acquisition of new territory, as regards slavery.

Mr. Clay, a Southern man, declares the wish and solemn purpose of his friends to be, that the institution should not be extended beyond its present limits.

The law is above the resolutions of the Senate, and the wish of the great Kentucky; but this is certain, that disgrace, now and hereafter, will be affixed to the name of that man, let him belong to what party he may, who shall, in any way, help to plant slavery on any territory now free. Eternal infamy, certainly, will be his lot who labors for this end, if his State be blessed with universal liberty.

## A Counter Report.

The Governor has a theory, and we fear he makes facts bend to it. According to him, the Virginia Penitentiary is almost crowded with free blacks. Georgia does not suffer from this cause, any more than Kentucky. Very few free blacks, comparatively, are found in the penitentiaries of either of these States.

## The Chapter.

There are many things in the Congressional proceedings worth noting. Chief among these we notice—  
Mr. Holmes' resolution offered on the 20th. This will test the position of the House to the war, and the manner of meeting the expenses of the war.

The agitation of slavery, both in the House and Senate, Mr. Hall's remarks, and the vote upon his motion, are worthy of note. We rejoice to observe Senator Underwood's name in the negative. Unless Southern Senators are determined to yield up every thing to the perpetualists, to be free political slaves, they must teach them that they understand their game, and let the country understand it.

The motion, as regards the slave-laws of the district of Columbia, ought to carry. Slaveholders, and the representatives of slaveholders, injustice to the South, and to humanity, ought to amend those laws wherever unjust, and we should rejoice to see Senator Underwood, or the humane Crittenden, proposing that marriage among colored persons should be legalized, that masters should not separate families, and that chattel slavery, for money, should cease.

What an example this would be to the States! How gladly would they follow it! And how effectually this policy, too, would arrest anger, and bitterness, and violence on all sides!

## The New-Year's Prospect.

Is it twelve? The new year is begun! We gaze out into the streets. The steady tramp of human feet has ceased, and no footfall is heard. The city is buried in sleep. We gaze up into the sky. The myriad stars move on without a jar. All is harmony, and still, as if the very heavens were hushed in thought.

Amid this quiet, the old year has died, and the new year is born! No voice announces either event; no token beyond proclaims them. The old and the new mingled into one, and then parted so softly that their meeting and parting might seem a type of the harmony which should reign on earth.

The hour was one of deep interest to us. We were alone as the toll of the clock told of the parting and coming, and we felt as if in us, and around us, spirits asked, eagerly, and earnestly—  
"Watchman, what of the night?"

And we arose, as men do who are conscious (and right glad we were to feel so conscious) that we could speak bravely for the present, and more happily for the future!

A better and larger spirit of liberality and freedom is awaking reformers, and reform movements.

But a little while ago, and all who labored for universal freedom were deemed, and forthwith, denounced as "fanatics." No party owned fellowship with them. All sects hated them with hot scorn. They were considered low, selfish, coarse, and base as well as common! Yet now they have their presses, their representatives in church and State, and Legislatures defer to them, and Congress steps to consider them, and all parties and sects in politics, or Christianity, think it worth while to enquire, what they mean, and wither they tend? A great victory! The promise of a greater yet to be won! Only let the friends of freedom be true, be wise in action, and wide in spirit, and they will so leaven society as to command all. Men will not stop to ask—Congress and Legislatures, and sects and parties will not pause to enquire—if this be so—what they mean, but they will proceed to do what they wish. There is enough of virtue and courage in our country, to meet every demand which humanity can make; to reach and overthrow the mighty evil of slavery; to remedy the social wrong; to enlighten and elevate labor; to crush intolerance, and master every remnant of feudality. For this end, we have only to concentrate—to possess unity of feeling, and move with unity of action—to be the worthy advocates of truth, and speak for her as if we feared no foe, and knew no taint. A courage and virtue like this will win the day against all odds, and triumph, gloriously, over all difficulties.

A brighter promise yet, consists in the great unwillingness of all parties possessing power to consider its use and abuse.

A few years ago, and no man in the South, dared to present to the South the evil or the wrong of slavery! A few years ago, and in the free States! This prejudice and hatred is not wholly altered; they manifest themselves in most States, and in every State. But there is a power which we have not seen in the past, and it is confining them within narrower and narrower bounds. Every where we see or hear the declaration: *the laws are made, and must be met*; and the spirit of opposition—of simple antagonism—is rapidly dying out, on one side, in Christian spirit, urges reform, and another, in Christian temper, consents to consider them. "I agree with you when you declare," says a generous slave-holder, an Abolitionist, "that the day has gone by in which evil can be justified by law, or wrong defended because it is a vested right." "The difficulty," says an aged Carolinian, "is in making a break; if that be done, and Kentucky and Virginia assert freedom as the law, even our State, (South Carolina,) will go ahead more rapidly from being forced, and kept so long, naturally, in a *subversive position*." Persuade a people to hear, and the battle is more than half won! Set them to consider, as well as hear, and we cannot fail to indoctrinate them with the great truths we advocate! And North and South, the fetters of a heathen tyranny are so far broken, freedom so far advanced, so vitalized, that the public ear is opening, and the public mind willing to listen—thoughtfully to reflect—upon whatever is essential to human liberty, or human progress.

But the brightest hope yet, is the fact that the South, in part, promises, speedily, to redeem herself.

Kentucky is now cursed with slavery. It is easy to paint its terrible effects; but it is not so easy to say how we shall rid the State of them.

Yet, we believe, the public mind is resolved to grapple with the evil, and that, if we are prudent, patient, and wise, we shall hear three years pass by, till it can be snatched without harm to owners or hurt to slaves. We give way to no enthusiasm. We counsel not to our feelings. Soberly, with iron front and cold deliberation, we have sought to ascertain the real wish of the people, and that wish, we think, may, we say, we know to be, in favor of emancipation. It may be smothered here and there. Party considerations, or social influences, may keep it down in this country, and that; but when the hour for action comes, no power, under heaven, can repress the determination to win and wear the garb of universal freedom.

In Georgia is borne down, alas, with slavery! She feels it to the very quick. And West-Virginia, the most populous part of the Old Dominion, is resolved to be free. We know something of this country—something of its people, its character, and the influences likely to operate upon them. From these, we should say, there could be no failure, among them, of any well directed effort in behalf of emancipation. But our letters—from this section—do not seem to be so clear as to the good to be gained, and so positive as to the determination of the people to enjoy it—make us certain of success in West-Virginia. "I have yet to meet one slave-holder in my county," says an able man "who avows his opposition to emancipation! I know no non-slaveholder who is not eager for it." "If the vote were taken to-day" affirms a promising young Virginian, "ninety out of every hundred men would be for freedom."

"The majority," writes a mechanic, "want and desire emancipation." "If it were borne down, with slavery, West-Virginia is preparing to leave it off, and if she does fairly, by three years will not roll over our heads, without our bearing a shout from the mountain land, that all are free!"

East Tennessee is quickening for a new birth. Quite a number of her jolly and patriotic citizens have resolved to co-operate, and the beginning of an organization is made. We know not what it will more. But if either Kentucky, or Virginia determine to agitate the question of slavery within this year, then East Tennessee will agitate it within the year. Her people are determined to follow suit. "Whenever we see an earnest on the part of the Virginians or Kentuckians," writes an eminent divine, "we shall blow our blast." "I am not wholly prepared to open the question among our mountains," declares a distinguished lawyer, "but the people are." "I am satisfied," says a sensible Kentuckian who tarried at Janesboro, "that East Tennessee has a duty to know each other's sentiments to go at once for emancipation." And what then? West North-Carolina—the hill lands even of Georgia, South-Carolina, and Tennessee must act! Blessings upon the mountain land! There is hope and strength there, and redemption too for man!

We greet the first month of the new year, then, we greet our friends with joyous faith, and hearty enthusiasm! Our country is imperilled. Our cause is beset with difficulties. But beyond and above these is the honest will of honest men, and with God's aid, it will scatter this danger and overcome, triumphantly, these difficulties. Let us on, then, courageously. Heart to heart, and hand in hand, let us give the pull, the strong pull, the pull together, and the good cause will triumph!

## Free Labor Month.

The New York Canals! What a tale they tell of the growth of our country and the results of free labor! Where in the South, where, *amid slavery*, can we point to like consequences? Head the table below, and observe.

STATEMENT showing the total tons going from tide-water for the last fourteen years, and also the total tons arriving at tide-water, and the aggregate value thereof in market, during the same period.

Year	Tons of tide-water	Tons of tide-water	Value
1834	114,608	553,596	\$13,405,092
1835	128,910	753,191	\$20,546,446
1836	133,796	696,247	\$26,392,474
1837	125,130	611,781	\$21,322,534
1838	142,908	669,241	\$23,039,240
1839	142,934	692,128	\$20,163,193
1840	129,589	669,012	\$23,213,278
1841	162,175	774,334	\$27,225,322
1842	125,225	695,526	\$22,734,012
1843	143,595	856,461	\$28,453,606
1844	176,737	1,019,994	\$34,183,167
1845	195,000	1,204,043	\$45,439,321
1846	133,795	1,302,919	\$51,105,236
1847	288,297	1,774,233	\$73,092,414

The increase over 1846, in the New York Canal, for 1847, is twenty-one million, nine hundred and eighty-seven tons.

## Freeholder's Day.

The Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, is a great day among New Englanders. We are glad to find it generally celebrated. The day and the principles it consecrates, ought ever to be marked, and will be marked while a love of freedom burns in American bosoms, or freedom itself remains to us a boon.

The celebration at New York presents a signal feature. Among the toasts we observe one to *Pius the Ninth*, the Pope of Rome, and among the speeches, one from the Catholic Bishop of the city. What a change! The old Pilgrims would have regarded such events as not within the range of possibility, and the rigid Catholics of earlier times, would have looked upon them as an absurdity. Yet for liberty's sake, that men while they have liberty to do may do for liberty; we find the sons of the Pilgrims toasting the Pope, and the Pope's representative responding heartily.

The toast was—  
The present Sovereign Pontiff of Rome, Pius the Ninth.

To this Bishop Hughes replied:—  
If he were to give way to his feelings he should almost question the reality of what he saw around him or doubt his own identity. He would return his own thanks, and as far as he was worthy to do so, those of Pius IX. for the honor just conferred at the hands of the Chairman, an honor of which he was deeply sensible.

It was a gratification for him to say that the promise of the elevation of Pius IX. to the Pontificate was full of hope. He believed God had prepared him for his great task with a clear head and a strong heart. (Applause.) For himself he felt much in the situation of the man in the old English legend whose horse had been taken away while he was asleep, and who recognized according to the Aristotelian logic that if he were himself he had lost a horse, but if he were not he had gained a cart. (Applause.) To think that he who used to be called Bishop Hughes found himself in the midst of the New England Society, and heard the health of Pius IX. drank with so much enthusiasm, made him doubt the reality of things. With the earnest connected with the Pilgrims, the rock and the landing he could deeply sympathize; with him they were matters of experience. If he wished to give Pius IX. an idea of America he should relate the history of a young stranger, a plant waked hither from distant regions here to take root and be developed. In this way he would describe to him the fostering institutions of this country, the hospitable people, the avenue open to every man who sought advancement.

New England was a country distinguished for productiveness in the ordinary sense of that term. In Political Economy, it yielded granite and in that they had beautiful specimens of it; produced ice, but neither of these were evidences of great natural wealth. But there was one thing it did produce which was indeed a treasure among men, and that was the human mind. He would conclude with this sentiment:—  
Prosperity to the land that grows School-masters! (Great applause.)

Liberty makes strange combinations. A love of it yokes apparently discordant elements together. These combinations alone, that man wishes to stand erect, and he will hail him

as his best brother, who does most to elevate the race! For freedom, sects, creeds, classes are forgotten. We know then but one brotherhood, and one common Father.

**A Veto—Political Independence.**  
Well—Mr. Polk's veto message is voted (see Congressional proceedings) by the House at Washington.

On the 21st, Mr. Wentworth (Long John as he is called) offered the following resolution:—  
"Resolved, That the General Government has the power to construct such harbors and improve such rivers as are necessary and proper for the protection of our navy and our commerce, and also for the defence of our country."

This passed by thirty more than a two-thirds vote. This is the better system of our fathers maintained, and the narrow theory of "the few" rebuked. To the West this is a great act; for the country, a noble one; since, while it promises protection to our interests, it shows a political independence, on the part of the House, which is worthy of all praise. We have analyzed the negative vote, and it stands thus:—  
Southern States, 36 Middle States, 2  
Western States, 10 Eastern States, 2

Or, to go more into detail, let us give the names of each voter, so that we may see, at a glance who oppose the power asserted in the resolution:

**SOUTHERN STATES.**  
South Carolina—Messrs. Black, Burt, Holmes, Rhett, Simms, Simpson, Woodward—7.  
North Carolina—Daniel, McKay, Venable—3.  
Virginia—Bayly, Beal, Bedinger, Bocock, Brown, McDowell, Meade, and Ploury—10.  
Alabama—Cobb, Harris, Houston, Inge, Bowdoin—5.  
Louisiana—Harrison, La Rose, More—3.  
Mississippi—Featherston, Thompson—2.  
Georgia—Cobb, Lumpkin—2.  
Maryland—Sigon, McLane—2.  
Tennessee—Jones, Thomas—3.  
Texas—Kaufman—1.

**WESTERN STATES.**  
Ohio—Fries, Kennon, Miller, Sawyer—4.  
Kentucky—Boyd, Clark—2.  
Indiana—Robinson—1.  
Illinois—Ficklin, McClelland—2.  
Missouri—Hamm—1.

**OTHER STATES.**  
Maine—Hamlin—1.  
New Hampshire—Pease—1.  
New York—Lord, Meade, Nicoll—3.  
Pennsylvania—Brotherton, C. J. Ingersoll, Mann—3.  
Maryland—Sigon, McLane—2.

**Domestic Grievances and Remedies.**  
We gave, last week, an article from the New Orleans Delta, "showing that Congress will not add one slave State to the Union."

We find in the same journal of the 16th, another strong article, under the caption we have assumed. It is fresh and hearty, and cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Is it not strange, while Southern men, willingly or unwillingly, acknowledge the law, and say boldly, it must be maintained, that Northern men cringing to party, or favoring before power, should be seeking to upset it, and, fortively, if not openly, doing all in their power to extend slavery through the country? It makes no difference, in fact, what parties a party man, avow or do, on this subject. It would effect the principle one iota, if Congress were even to resolve, that slavery should be extended over all Mexico. It is not in the power of our Government, as such, to create slavery in a free territory, and, if it attempts it, it cannot succeed without trampling under foot the constitution and the law.

Compromise is out of the question here. Will the South ask for it? The moment it does so, it affirms that Congress has power over slavery. It is not done. Will the Free States offer it? It would be a damning surrender of every principle which they hold sacred. We can conceive of a wide and deep degradation; but we cannot conceive of a degradation so low as that of a free people, or the representatives of a free people, voluntarily abandoning right, and violating law, to extend and perpetuate human servitude. The question here is not about *Mr. Polk*, or Missouri compromise, or Calhoun's platform. It is as to the law—not what it may be—or might be—but what it is. For pass, or reject, any or all these measures, and still the law of Nations, and the law of Mexico, as well as our own law, affirm in letter and in spirit, that the introduction of slavery, into such territory, by Act of Congress, is an impossibility.

An idea prevails, that, unless some compromise is made, discussion will follow. Shame upon such cowardly fears! What is the Union worth, what are the men who live under it worth, if the fundamental law may be set aside, at the dictation of a few threateners of peace? What is our government worth, if, when standing on the law, it must cover and give way, and break up, provided it do not detect slavery? It is because of the deepest kind which feels and argues thus, or else a cowardice as contemptible as treason itself. But what shall dissolve the Union? The South! It is a shameless and black falsehood to charge such a thought upon Southern people. They are stern maintainers of the law. They may not like it. They may wish, and say, it ought to be otherwise. But when once satisfied as to what it is, they will uphold it, be the cost what it may, and no faction, no party, can persuade, or drive them into a resistance to it. Besides, Southern men know that all that is evil, in disunion, must fall heaviest upon them. Listen to the able writer (a slave-holder) of the New Orleans Delta, as he discusses the folly and absurdity of Nullification, Southern Convention, and Disunion.

Dreadful and violent as the means would be, they would be no less vain and ineffectual. Before there could be even the semblance of a prospect of success, it would be necessary to observe the cordial and resolute co-operation of all the slave-holding States, and there could be no hope of that. The number of States which set such a value on slavery, that they would sacrifice the proposition for a moment, must be small indeed. A large majority would certainly be found siding with the Federal Government, and behind none in zeal, in representing the movement as treason, and rewarding its authors with the proper doom of traitors.

But grant that the infatuation should become so general as to embrace all the slave-holding States, and to tempt them, by an appearance of strength, to an effort, still failure would be inevitable. The Federal Government, supported by the superior numbers of the free States, would in all probability hold the subject of contention, despite of every effort of the South, and free laborers pouring in would give, in a permanent, warlike population an hourly increasing strength and solidity to the position—while the South, even in the very improbability of success, being able to take and hold the disputed territory, could do so with armed men only, as slave-holders could never venture with their human property on a theatre so constantly disturbed by war, as that of threatened, and what would be the fruits of our victory?

Under the beneficent influence of liberty and a harmonious Union, our people have spread over the land a net work of family ties, binding its parts more firmly together than even our constitution and laws. Break up all these suddenly and violently, and for the love of kindred and friends, substitute malignant hatred; destroy all laws for the delivery of fugitive slaves; remove all the checks imposed upon the blind rage of the abolitionists; swell their faction until it shall embrace whole States; and encourage and reward the most daring emigrations who may venture among us, to lay waste in the harvest of servile insurrection; trace along the line which shall ender us from those who were our friends, a frontier more than a thousand miles in length, and stand it with full courage, and free laborers pouring in would give, in a permanent, warlike population an hourly increasing strength and solidity to the position—while the South, even in the very improbability of success, being able to take and hold the disputed territory, could do so with armed men only, as slave-holders could never venture with their human property on a theatre so constantly disturbed by war, as that of threatened, and what would be the fruits of our victory?

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**"Your sincere Son."**  
We trust that the writer of this fragrant epistle, which has no equal in the letters of Horace, Walpole or Madame de Sevigne, this rare flower, will not be suffered to waste his intellectual sweetness on the desert air. Such intellectual and moral refinement should not be lost to the world. He has gone to a beautiful land. In justice to the ignorant inhabitants and to his own qualifications, &c., should be appointed professor in some Academy or University in Mexico, or perhaps, as he proved proficient in leaving Kentucky, so great a talent better fitted in practical morality, he is by this time better fitted to be professor of moral Philosophy and Christian Ethics, or a preacher of the Gospel. The zest with which he speaks of those peculiar operations on the property of the farmers of his own State, indicates an extraordinary power in carrying principles out to their full extent of application, an unshrinking fidelity in converting abstract truth into reality. The teachings of such a man will never be subject to the imputation of vagueness and indefiniteness. His practical will give point to his precepts, and we doubt not that his Mexican pupils will be made to feel that his reasonings have an iron consistency, that all his assertions are demonstrations.

Whatever may be his situation, professor or preacher, we are confident that he will be a fitting and brilliant representative of national glory, and, for our own part, we shall always feel grateful to him, for having convinced us by the influences and blessings of art as by no means limited and partial, but that its triumph on the United field are more than equalled by its victories over orthodoxy, morality and grammar.

**Artists.**  
Artistic financing has become quite fashionable. Boston and New York are favored, and the money-changers feel its effects "a little." A Swiss Jew, by his art, raised some \$100,000, and got off safely on the Britanna.

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The constitutional power of Congress either to construct, or to aid in the construction of National Railroads, rests on a more solid foundation than even the universal acknowledged power, to construct light-houses. The former is an *express*, the latter an *implied* power. Under the express power "to establish post offices and post roads" Congress is bound to establish, that is to say, to settle permanently, the best means which the discoveries of the age have established to the world for the transmission of the mail. A Railroad is not only the best, but is the only "post road" that can be established, and it is the most adequate to the exigencies of the public service. Congress must very soon establish Railways as "post roads" or surrender to corporations this great constitutional power and obligation.

But the constitutional argument does not rest on this alone. The power to construct harbors is inferred from the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations." If the power to regulate commerce, and to regulate navigation, carries with it the power to aid foreign commerce by the construction of light-houses, harbors and breakwaters, certainly, the power to regulate commerce among the several States, carries with it the power to aid domestic commerce by the most effectual means which the invention of man has devised.

This power also clearly results from the constitutional obligation to suppress insurrections and repel invasions by the use of the most effectual means necessary and proper for that purpose.

Foreign commerce has always been the darling child of Congress. For its coasters have been surveyed, and the most important commercial treaties made, discriminating duties imposed, navies built up and maintained, and was waged at cost to the nation of hundreds of millions. In the meantime, there has been done for internal commerce? Nothing, comparatively nothing! The aid of the General Government in this respect, must hereafter be more equally and justly dispensed. The freemen of the interior have, at length, the power to do themselves justice at the ballot-box, and it will be done. Hitherto the beneficent action of the Federal Government has been confined almost exclusively to the Maritime States. The Convention which met at Chicago last summer, great in numbers, intellect, and fixed resolve, will direct the attention of the Government to our lake and river, and its own way, to determine *how* and when it will rid itself of the giant curse of our age and nation.

**War versus Orthodoxy, Morality and Grammar.**  
It has always been understood that much of the fascination of war is owing to its victories. We were a succession of defeats, it would have few charms, even for the wildest fanatics; but fortunately the cry of victory is heard often enough to raise the spirits and reward the exertions of war's devotees, and thus to perpetuate its power, and extend its influence. In fact, when one considers the number and nature of the triumphs of war, he almost wonders how any man can escape its fascinations. We presume, however, that these victories share the fate of other blessings, and are overlooked, or at least under-estimated, because of the natural ingratitude of man, which seldom permits him to be thankful for favors, especially for favors which are so common as they are great. For ourselves, we plead guilty to the charge of ingratitude. We acknowledge that we have not realized the number nor greatness of these triumphs. The true grandeur and sublimity of war, have been hidden from us, and we have hitherto groped along in life, utterly unconscious of our fatal blindness. But, at last, the scales have fallen from our eyes, and thankful for the clearness of vision which we now enjoy, we hasten to make amends for our former insensibility. Rejecting, as we do, in our present enlightenment, we earnestly desire that our readers should share our happiness, and to enable them so to do, we propose to give them the opportunity of submitting to a terse operation, which has proved entirely successful in removing the extract from the eye of our mind.

We entreat you then, dear reader, for the sake of truth and justice, and your own happiness, to peruse with care the following epistle, and we guarantee that, during its perusal, you will feel your mental eye opening, and your pupils dilating, until the temple of your mind becomes bright with excess of light.

We will not detain you by further remarks, for we long to have your darkness dispelled. Hasten then, to read this remarkable document, and confess publicly that you have never before appreciated the victories and glories of war.

This precious epistle was written by a volunteer to his beloved father.

Louisville, Ky., Jefferson County, )  
near Salt River, Oct. 11, 1847.

DEAR FATHER:—Sir! I am safe and sound and in good health. We are camped seven miles below Louisville, in a low, swampy place, malarious as hell here, that is a serpent camp, as they call it in one camp, so that it is a right smart sight at once. We expect to leave here the 20th, but I doubt if I will see you again. I am a good deal healthier here than I was at home—we have plenty of beans and they are so cold that the worms are nothing at all, and bacon still was kept ever since '76, and some iron buckets weigh 20 odd lbs. We have had several fights in camp. Give my love to mother and brother &c., tell her not to be any ways distressed for we will get home in six months. We are all

well. We will go a stealing every night and they have got double guards. But we knock hell out of them and steal every thing, and the reason is because the farmers said that they intended to kill every devil of us.

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Senator Dickinson's Resolutions.

We regret that these resolutions were offered by any Senator, but more especially that they were offered by a Senator from a free State. Party, in its stern demand, requires no service, often, of its devotees; but never can it demand, in its worst form, the sacrifice of human liberty, or the hope on which that liberty rests. These are no pious nothings, no ignorant, or so-called with vanity, who do not know, that the most effective way to strike down the friends of emancipation, in the slave States, is, for free State-men, to propose some plan for the extension of slavery. It is all a mistake to suppose, that the far South—the planting States—do not desire this. They do. Whether right, or wrong, they are anxious for it—not that they may increase their political power—(though this consideration has a wide influence,) but, chiefly, that they may have a place, or country, into which to send their surplus slave population. The only effect, therefore, any proposition, which looks to an extension of slavery, can have, is to weaken the emancipation cause in the border States, and strengthen slavery in the Union. If Senator Dickinson covets this honor, he has it. He has done all in his power, at least, to ensure it.

It is almost wrong in us to suppose, that the questions, whether Congress has the power to create slavery, whether free territory be admitted, slaves can exist upon it, have ever been considered by Senator Dickinson of New York. We must conclude that they have not. It is evident, indeed, from a serious thought, that he has not bestowed upon them a serious thought. Yet at the very time, almost, that he was laboring to convince the South, and the country, that slavery may be extended, able Southern men were laboring to convince the South and the country, that under the law, no such extension could be made. His resolutions were offered on the 14th ult. in the *New Orleans Delta*, one of the ablest Southern papers, showed, that, whether the South looked to Congress or not, it is a result, and only one result, under the law, could follow, and that was, that no slave States could be added to the Union out of Mexican territory. "Congress," says he, "will not make slave States." And to this a New York Senator—a free State representative, unwillingly and unadvisedly responds—"It will not."

Comment on this conduct is unnecessary.

The Allegians.

We notice with pleasure the arrival in our city of this justly celebrated band of Vocalists. They come to us heralded by a full strain of appreciation from our brethren of the press, North. We ask for them that patronage, which our citizens ever extend to those who merit it.

Arrival of the Elberona.

There had been failures of starting magnitude before the 27th Nov., but the motley market was improving, and the Bank of England had reduced its rates of interest.

There was a slight improvement in cotton.

The difficulties in Switzerland are settled. The Sonderbund was dissolved. We anticipated this result, and rejoice over it.

Ireland was in an awful condition.

Parliament was busy with financial and commercial matters. Italy tranquil.

Heracles of Genoa.

Nothing is more remarkable or characteristic in the old, aristocratic countries of Europe, than the desperate endeavor of every class except the very highest, to climb a step higher. They catch desperately at those above them, and look as desperately at those below them, who are engaged in the same effort. The laborer is looked down upon by the mechanic, the mechanic by the petty shop-keeper, the shop-keeper by the merchant, and the professional man, and these in turn, however high and truly noble, are considered inferior by the most stupid and profligate sprig of nobility, whom "not all the blood of all the Howards" could elevate to a gentleman. The great rule seems to be, be discontent with things which you have.

But it is passing strange on a superficial view, that such feelings should exist, and such scenes be acted, in Republican America. But on a superficial view only, can it be deemed strange. For, as was once profoundly observed, "there is a great deal of human nature in man;" of course, in American, republican man, also. This nature does not change by crossing salt water, or even passing through several generations. "Patrie qui exerce le quaque fugit" was the sensible inquiry of a very sensible man—Horatio Flaccus, to wit: Here, as in England, people make or inherit fortune, without either virtue or crime to adorn them. A man makes a successful speculation in pork, flour or cotton, and wakes up a millionaire—able to buy anything, but knowledge and nobleness of soul. Such a person can distinguish himself from the thousands as humble as he once was, only by extravagant expenditure, and a thorough contempt for all who are not as rich as himself. Here is a fellow in the good little city of—, who used to be a gambling loafer. He commenced his prosperity by cheating a drunken man out of a large sum, augmented it by a lucky operation in bacon, and preserved it during the hard times of '39-40 by breaking his most solemn engagements. He is one of our sham aristocracy, and looks down with profound contempt on all low people. Miss Leslie has given a most admirable illustration of this sort of aristocracy, in her story of Mr. Smith, one of the cleverest sketches ever published on either side of the Atlantic. What a sad dispersion Aust Quimby would produce in a circle of fashionables in any of our large (or small) towns! And how dreadfully inconvenient to all aspiring parvenus, such a person, with such a memory, must be!

But our moral reflections have made us almost forget the story we intended to tell, and which affords an example, wholly unlike we believe, of what may be fairly called, the *heroinism* of the feeling we have adverted to. An old gentleman, still residing in a sister city, not far up the river, had made a fortune many years ago, by tailoring—he was a very wealthy, lives in fine style, and has been so long engaged in sinking the tailors and such success, that no old but old citizens are aware of the degrading fact. Not long ago, a man, who had gone off, in his debt, owing him several hundred dollars, came back repentant, hunted up his old creditor with some difficulty, and proposed settling. To his infinite surprise (perhaps we may add gratification) old—disclaimed all knowledge of him, or of the debt, denied his own identity, and threatened to kick him out of the house for insulting him with the charge of having been a tailor! After such a sacrifice, we hope the old gentleman's claims to belong to the upper ten gentlemen will never be questioned. Verily, is it the noblest Roman among them all.

Professor Mitchell.

The Journal of Commerce reports the Professor to have said to the audience at the close of his lecture: "That his object in appearing before them was to get bread to feed his family, he did not have to get six years any salary from the literary institution at Cincinnati, on account of the inability of its officers to afford it."

Is there not some error here? We think there must be.

The Alabama Legislature has invited Gen. Taylor to that State. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Every one that has eyes does not see; neither is it necessary to have eyes in order to be a Senator. Smith has favored us with another of his visions.

A Farewell and a Greeting.

BY J. S. SMITH.

Hark! through every spirit ringing, Sad and solemn echoes flinging, Toils a funeral knell! Checked in every wild emotion, And each breast with deep devotion Only seems to swell.

Lo! another year hath perished, With its moments fondly cherished, Sliding to the past; From its grave in lone mysterious Comes a warning and sad sermon— Life is ebbing fast.

Yet in moments of reflection, When, overwhelmed with deep dejection, Sinks the weary heart, Whispers, "Courage ever! Hope and trust, but faster never! So shall grief depart."

Hark! through every spirit ringing, Glad and joyous echoes flinging, A hymn of praise! From the great deep of springtime One whose fresh young voice still sings In gladness strain,

"God hath added to thy measure, One more rich but fleeting treasure, Listen then to me— Be not controlled by reason, And throughout the proffered season, Purpose, act, and be."

Encouraging.

The signs in the South, as regards an honest, yet wise opposition to slavery, are more favorable than we ever knew them to be.

We hear quite often from States which are thought to be intolerant, and even in them there is strong under-current of opposition to the insidious which will wake up and show itself one of these days. "We have only to know our strength," says an able divine in the far South, "to make it putting forth certain, and we have only to put it forth, to be sure of success."

West-Virginia is fairly engaged in discussing emancipation, and in one year more, in less time, perhaps, we shall hear of a similar move in East-Tennessee, unless we are very much mistaken. Is not this encouraging? Labor, good men and true; success is yours, if you will but do it, heartily and patiently.

Tobacco Convention at Bowling-Green.

We learn from the *Warren Intelligencer* of Dec. 22, 1847, that a Convention of the delegates from the boards of trade of the several counties in the Green River portion of the State of Kentucky, assembled in the town of Bowling-Green, on Monday the 6th of December, 1847. Gen. Thomas Strauge, of Warren, was appointed President. Col. Lemuel Williams of Cumberland and John Matthews, Esq. of Barren, were appointed Vice Presidents; Tandy H. Trice, Esq. of Christian, and J. A. Cooke Esq. of Edmonson, were appointed Secretaries.

Resolutions were adopted, remonstrating respectfully against the late and inconvenient action of the Louisiana Inspection and Warehousing laws, subject the dealers in tobacco, and asking a repeal of the same.

B. Mills Crenshaw, of Barren, and Col. Wm. Evans, of Allen, were appointed a committee to prepare and communicate, to the Governor of Louisiana, to be laid before the Legislature of that State, a memorial in regard to the interests of that State, a memorial in regard to the interests of that State, a memorial in regard to the interests of that State.

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Some important events have occurred within the last week or two.

The first, is that Gen. Taylor is a candidate, and will not defer to Mr. Clay, or submit to a Convention. A letter of Gen. T. is referred to by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American as affirming this. This statement has been qualified somewhat, still the assertion amounts to this, that Rough and Ready "will not decline."

The second, is the continued disagreement between the Democrats of New York—Old Hunkers and Barn-burners. A joint meeting was proposed; it was held, and the result is, that two State conventions are called. The cause of division is—slavery. The Old Hunkers are unwilling to say it shall not be extended. The Barn-burners affirm that it must not be! This is their resolution:

"Resolved, That all imputations upon the Democracy of this State, come from what quarter they may, that its patriotic masses are in favor of the extension of slavery into territories free, are held in utter contempt, and its advocates are regarded as traitors to the principles of natural justice, subversive of the rights and interests of the free laboring classes of all the States, and at war with the policy established by the fathers of the Republic, in the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the northwestern territory; a policy the wisdom of which has been proved and illustrated by the unprecedented growth and prosperity of the noble State of the Ohio River, and by the intelligence, patriotism and energy of its population."

The Whigs of New York have responded warmly to Mr. Clay's resolutions. The Tribune calls the meeting "one of the mightiest gatherings of freemen ever convened within the walls of that city." The address is brief and eloquent the resolutions terse and strong. We quote two responding to Mr. Clay's seventh resolution:

"Resolved, That we rejoice to hear a voice from the noble State of Kentucky declare, in the language of this resolution, that we positively and emphatically disclaim and disavow any wish or desire on our part to acquire any foreign territory whatever for the purpose of propagating slavery—or of introducing slaves from the United States into such territory, and we, the citizens of New York, do pledge ourselves to sustain these truly American sentiments."

Resolved, That while we recognize and respect the constitutional rights of the South to such domestic institutions as their fathers established, we do not justly power on our part to interfere with them; and while we do not desire that additions should now or ever be made by conquest to the territory of the United States, we yet feel bound to declare that if territory should be added to the United States, we acquired it, it must not cease to be Free in our hands, but remain so forever.

Resolved, That in view of the difficulties which are attendant upon our present unnecessary contest with a neighboring Republic, we appeal to the Senate of the United States, soliciting and hoping for a repitiation of the noble part acted by that illustrious body in averting the calamity of War, by the settlement of the Oregon boundary; and we look to the conservative influence of such grave and honorable men as WEBSTER, CALHOUN, BENTON, CAITTENDEN, CORWYN, MANCINI, and their associates, for some magnanimous movement, to put an end to the war between us and Mexico on honorable terms.

Resolved, That among the illustrious living men who by their whole lives, have done honor to our Country, the risk in our confidence, and our affections is HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky—a Patriot above suspicion, and a Statesman without equal; and we trust the day is at hand when the American People will vindicate their own character by emphatically manifesting their high appreciation of his exalted services, and his peerless worth.

Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, addressed the meeting. The resolutions and address were unanimously adopted.

Dixon H. Lewis has been elected Senator from Alabama. He is a Calhoun man.

Fight between the Texas Rangers and Calhounians.

We learn from a modest and elegant letter of "W. P. Lane, Major Commanding Texas Cavalry," dated Nov. 23d, that on the day previous, with sixty men, he encountered and defeated near Agua Nueva, one hundred and twenty Indians, killing thirty of them. "I say the Major," shot two dead with my fire-shooter. The rangers had one man killed and two wounded. The Indians are reported to be in large force in the neighborhood, though nothing serious was apprehended from them.

Immigration.

Returns from the 1st January to September 30th, for Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, show an aggregate of 233,798 arrived this year, against 151,662 at the same ports last year. Full returns from all points, it is computed will swell the number to 250,000.

Discipline in Texas.

We have learned with regret, says the Houston Telegraph, of the 2d inst., that the German settlers in Fayette county, have lately divided into two opposing factions, have armed themselves, and, at last accounts, were preparing for combat. A difficulty occurred between two parties of these settlers, some weeks since, and two or three persons were killed or dangerously wounded in a brawl that occurred respecting the possession of a farm in the settlement.

Tonnage of Pittsburgh.

During the year ending 1st Nov. last, fifty-six steamboats were built in Pittsburgh, their aggregate tonnage being 9,554. Tonnage owned in Pittsburgh 1st Sept. last, 27,018, viz: Steam, 24,472 tons; other kinds 12,546.

We regret to be obliged to record another wanton murder. The Courier of the 28th inst., gives the following particulars:—

On Sunday morning, a negro man named Patrick, who formerly belonged to John McKenney Esq., but who has for some time been owned by Col. STEVENSON OAKLEY, came to his home at Col. O's, apparently under the influence of liquor. He had a loaded pistol in his possession, with which he threatened the life of his wife and family. The owner of Col. O's farm, Mr. ROBERT SHERLEY, was immediately sent for. When he came into the house where Patrick was, the latter immediately raised a chair to attack him. Mr. S. retreated to the yard, and was followed by the negro, who presented his pistol and discharged it, but without effect. Mr. S. then drew a revolver and fired it twice. Both shots took effect, and the negro died in a few minutes.

Mr. SHERLEY immediately surrounded himself for an examination, the result of which appears from the following:

This day Robt. Sherley personally appeared voluntarily before the undersigned, and after the examination of all the facts we believe to have been an act of justifiable homicide, and is therefore acquitted.

JOHN DOUGLASS, J. P.

December 27, 1847. JOHN HERR, J. P.

The National Intelligencer of the 28th inst. gives news of the death of Hon. Timothy Pitkin, of Connecticut, a Statesman of the past age, and well known as the author of a work on the statistics of the United States.

Prime, Ward & Co., of New York, have been discharged by Judge Oakley, from custody under the commitment warrant by virtue of the Sullivan act issued by Judge Edwards. The warrant was entered on Sunday, and was, therefore, invalid.

An Elephant broke loose in Philadelphia—nearly killed his keeper, let out several wild animals, put an end to several monkeys, and played other antics. He was secured.

The Canal at this place will be suspended for some ten days—say from Dec. 27th. The cause, heavy deposit of mud in the locks from the flood.

Attica, New York has been half destroyed by fire.

Dec. 13.—Senate did not sit.

The House was occupied in discussing the one hour rule. It was adopted.

Dec. 30.

SENATE.—Mr. Webster appeared to-day.

Senator Underwood presented the action of the Kentucky Legislature last winter, praying that the laws may be amended as to render the capture of runaway-slaves more certain when escaping into free States.

He spoke of instances of his own knowledge where slaves had been pursued, and when captured had been released by the interference of mobs. A gentleman who had lost a slave, followed him to Detroit and arrested him there, but he was taken from the possession of his master by a mob, and the owner was arrested on an action of trespass at the instance of his own slave and imprisoned, and had it not been for the kind interference of Mr. Norvell, formerly of the Senate, who went his bail, he might have remained shut up in a close prison for a great length of time. After the necessary proof of ownership had been sent on, and the slave again arrested, he was, through the instrumentality of a mob, released and escaped to Canada. He expressed the hope that the Committee on the Judiciary would revise the law, or see what else effectual could be done in the premises.

Senator HALE offered the resolutions of New Hampshire on the question of slavery, declaring against any unauthorized meddling with it, where it exists, and in favor of compromise as they now stand. They admit that the States alone have control over the institution, and assert that no illegal assault—no bitterness of feeling—should be created thereby. But as regards any, and all new territory, they affirm that it must be, under the law, and of right, free.

Mr. NILES offered similar resolutions from Connecticut.

Mr. CALHOUN called up his resolutions. The second Tuesday in January was agreed upon as the day for their discussion.

Dec. 30.

House. The House was occupied upon various matters. Petitions, notices of bills, reports from Committees, State Resolutions, Resolutions. The most important were:

The resolutions of the State of Missouri, praying that a new territory be created West of that State.

Resolutions of Rhode Island in favor of Whitney's railroad.

An enquiry, whether the President had ordered the exploration of the dead sea.

A proposition to open diplomatic relations with the Roman States.

An enquiry into Santa Anna's return to Mexico, and the particulars thereof.

Mr. Holmes of South Carolina moved:

That the money deposited with the several States as a loan from the Treasury of the surplus revenue, be now called for by the Government of the United States before resort be had to another loan.

Referred to the Committee of ways and means.

Mr. GARANT DUCAU moved:

Resolved, That the Committee of Military Affairs be instructed to inquire into the expediency of extending the term of the provisions of the 9th section of the act of the 11th of February, 1847, entitled "An act to raise for a limited time an additional force," &c., to such officers as may have been commissioned as privates, and who have been promoted during their term of service; and also whether substitutes who may have taken the place of their places of their principals, and served out their term, should not also have the benefit of said section extended to them; and that said committee report by bill or otherwise.

Mr. VINTON moved:



## LITERARY EXAMINER.

### Charles Timony.

Mrs. Charles Timony, reading an American book, and noticing an expression of regret that America contained none of the "time honored things" that rendered England venerable, wrote the following verses, as spirited in language as true in sentiment:—

"Time honored things" Old England boasts:  
Her ancient ruins by such o'erpriced,  
The plain where met embattled hosts;  
The tomb that held her mighty dead;  
The Druid mound; the Saxon keep;  
The wastes where feudal tyrants sleep.

"The old monastic piles, that grace  
Her richest nooks by stream and glade;  
The shrine, in whose worn steps we trace  
Where reverent pilgrims knelt and prayed;  
The ancient walls, the crenelated towers,  
With lichens white, and moss, o'ergrown.

"The proud cathedrals, chilled and change;  
The hamlet churches, quiet and grey;  
The old baronial halls, and towers;  
From the dim use of their day;  
The legends, dear to place and time,  
Linked with all these, in many a rhyme.

"Time honored things" that cease alone  
Supply the food thy spirit craves—  
The mingled records carved in stone;  
The rubbish-heaps of thrones and graves;  
Draw rather round thee, where thou art;  
"Time honored" records of the heart!

"The faith divine; the courage pure;  
The love, and hope, and action, free;  
That keep our hearts, unchanged and sure,  
Wherever change on earth may be;  
The earnest thought, that great and small  
Includes in its own grasp of all.

"The high, calm, trust, that murmurs not,  
Bearing the appointed burden on;  
The frank eye in another's face;  
The loving heart, that beats as one;  
The eagle thought, the eagle strength,  
That reads o'er death's dark thrill at length.

"The deep, keen sense of human wrong,  
That to the brave soul proves a star,  
Making its own true purpose strong,  
To bear the world in mind away;  
The noble sense of pomp and pride  
With man's sole glory annulled.

"A purer faith; a prouder trust;  
That light whereby the spirit sees;  
Shall prove for time each cloud of dust,  
When'er on earth the wrongs may be;  
"Time honored" things that well may be  
The honored of eternity."

For the Louisville Examiner.

### To a Musical Clock in a Coffee House.

Vain flatterer, cease, let thy babbling be still,  
No longer the simple beguile;  
With a scruple-like note, thou dost not will,  
And leadest men captive like brutes at thy will.  
Still tickling their death-waiting while.

As Satan at first did our mother deceive  
Alluring with cunning and craft,  
So thou, to her children, as Satan to Eve,  
Enchanting thy victims, the more to deceive,  
Presentest the poisonous draught.

I've heard of a siren who sang in the sea,  
Destroying the victims, she charmed,  
Methinks a like spirit still lurketh in thee,  
And like wise Ulysses, happy is he  
Who heareth thy wailing unarm'd.

As Circe of old, who with magical art  
At her pleasure changed men into swine,  
So thou with thy potent transformation art,  
And biddest each vestige of manhood depart,  
Thy magic's the magic of wine.

Oh heed not the tempter, ye simple, beware,  
Seek not the destroyer's path;  
A serpent that slithers, like treacherous there,  
Hissedeth by subtle means, the more to ensnare,  
His ways are the portals of death.

Louisville, Dec. 15th.

### Mr. Emerson on Shakespeare.

In a series of lectures recently delivered by R. W. Emerson before the Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool, on "Representative Men," he selected as the subject of the fourth, "Shakespeare, the Poet." We take from the *Liverpool Advertiser*, the following account of it:

The lecturer said, if we should estimate great men, we should not find they were so much distinguished by originality as by range and extent. If we required of them that absolute originality which consists in weaving, like the spider, webs from their own bowels—finding clay, making bricks, and then building the house—no great man were original. Least of all does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The greatest genius was the most indebted man. He is a go-between, between the want and the satisfaction of the want; he stands where all men look one way, and their hands will point the direction in which he shall go. A great genius finds his materials collected, and his skill is shown in using them. What economy here, what compensation for the shortness of life: all was done to his hand, the world had brought him so far on his way. The human race had been out before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows, and bridged the rivers on his way. Great genius power consists in not being self-willed at all, but in being to the greatest possible degree receptive—being immediate and vehicular—looking to the world to do all.

Mr. Emerson proceeded, with great beauty of language, to show that such had been the case with Shakespeare. In his day there was an unfortunate craving for dramatic entertainments: "a wild insurrection of genius" suddenly broke out; a host of writers catered to the taste, and the "rude warm blood of living England" circulated in the plays and gave body to Shakespeare's serial and majestic fancy. The basis of this works the great bard found already in the prompter's books, and he was wise enough to know that tradition supplies a better fabric than any invention can. If he lost any credit of creation he augmented a thousand fold his resources. Many men say wise things as well as the true poet; the only difference was, that many men say foolish things, and do not know when they say wise. He knows the sparkle of the true word, and puts it by his fellow when he finds it. Such was the happy position of Homer perhaps, of Chaucer, and of Sordani. The generic catholic genius, who is not afraid or ashamed to owe his originality to originality of law stands with the next age as the true recorder and embodiment of his own. Mr. Emerson referred to the "eagle eyed researches" of the Shakespearean Society and others to learn something of Shakespeare's external history, and to the little which they had learned, and added—"Truly there is something touching in the madness in which the passing age mis-chooses the object on which all candles shine and all eyes are turned. The painful care with which everything relative to Queen Elizabeth, or to the illustrious Raleighs, Essex, Burleighs, and Buckingham, are recorded to tediousness (beings whom we could forget without any loss to the mind) made it singular to us that writers should let pass without a glance, without a single valuable record, the founder of another dynasty which will alone cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered: the man who carried the Saxon race in him, by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now and for some ages to be nourished. A popular player, nobody suspected that he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon, who took an inventory of the human understanding in his times, both what was done and deficient in science and letters, never mentioned one greater than all his illustrious correspondents taken together."

From the unrivaled richness in that age of great men, if, according to the proverb, it needs wit to know wit, one would have thought that the men of Shakespeare's time could have appreciated him. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in the age of Pericles, in Greece, there never was such a society in the world, yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's music was impetuous, his, his incognito complete. They could not see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected, and not till two centuries had passed after the death of Shakespeare did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was to the translation of his works, the rapid bursts of German literature in modern times was in a great measure to be ascribed. Various parties had attempted to elucidate his life and works, but, said the lecturer, the genius knows not of them. The moment we come at last to hear one golden word, it leaps out immortal from all this wretched mortality, and sweetly torments us with its invitations to its own inaccessible home. Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare, and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in us, and that in our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. From the internal evidence in his works, Shakespeare, instead of being the least known, was the best known of all history. What point of manner, morals, laws, history, religion, or life, had he not touched upon—what mystery had he not signified his knowledge of—what office, or function, or district of men's work had he not remembered—what thing had he not taught us—that maiden had not found him finer than delicacy—what lover had he not out-loved—what sage not out-learned—what great man not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?

Mr. Emerson then proceeded, in glowing language, to indicate some of the causes of Shakespeare's superiority. Above all was a sort of eminent, omnipresent propriety, or, if it deserves a wider name, humanity, which reduced all parts to due accordance. There was no discovery of egotism in him. The great he told gently, the small subordinate; grace without emphasis. He was strong as nature, which lifts the hand into mountain tops, without effort, by the same rule as it floats a bubble in the air, and looks as if it were in the one as in the other. He thought there was nothing comparable in nature to Shakespeare's delicacy of expression. One more trait, he said, he must stop to specify, even in so general a sketch, he meant his cheerfulness, without which no man could be a poet, for beauty is his aim, he loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace. The name of Shakespeare suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of man. If he appeared in the world of souls, who would not march in his troop? He touches nothing which does not borrow health and longevity from his festive style.

Mr. Emerson, in a tone of earnestness and with great beauty of language and sentiment, then said Shakespeare's great quality was to be entertaining, and the lessons of solitude told us we could do without heroes and poets. He concluded: "As far as comparative talent and intellectual power goes, the world of man has not his equal to show. But when the question is to my life and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? what does it signify? it is but a *Twelfth Night*, a *Midsummer's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*; what signifies another's pictures more or less? Well, other men, priest and prophet, Israelite, Egyptian, and Sordani, their eyes were opened also. They saw, and to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanished. They saw only the commandment; an all-excluding duty; a sadness, as if piled mountains fell upon them; and life became ghastly; a pilgrim's progress; a probation, beleaguered round, with purgatorial and vernal fires before us, and the spirit of the seer and of the listener was blighted, and the fountains of life were poisoned. It is plain to me, who meditate on these things, that they are half views, that the world still wants its poet and priest in one, one great reconciler, who shall not stop short with Shakespeare, the poet, nor go on like Swedenborg, the miner, but he who can shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration, for there is a knowledge that is brighter than the sunshine, there is a right more beautiful than private affection, and there is love which is compatible with universal wisdom."

Facts like the following give more vivid and life-like impressions of the modes of life of the ancients, than volumes of mere antiquarian disquisition:

EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII.—The political state of Italy has lately engrossed so much attention that little time has been found for its antiquities. Since the discovery of the 47 gold coins, and more than 250 silver coins, together with gilded earrings, necklaces and collars, pearls, jewels, and costly rings, a dwelling-house has been excavated near della Fortuna, which surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been hitherto discovered. The open vestibule is paved with mosaics, the walls decorated with tasteful paintings. The atrium opens into the tablinum and the reception-room, and the latter leads into the dining-room, which is painted with mythological subjects, the size of life. Here were several triclinic couches, not unlike our modern sofas, richly ornamented with silver. The reception-room looks into a garden with a beautiful fountain adorned with numerous mosaics and a small statue of Silenus; the basin is surrounded with the most exquisite sculptures in marble. Adjoining the dwelling is another atrium, where the servants lived. There was a four-wheeled carriage, with iron wheels and many bronze ornaments. In the kitchen, also, are many ornaments and utensils of bronze, and the traces of smoke are visible in many places, after the lapse of 18 centuries. The apartments of the dwelling-house contained numerous elegant utensils of gold and silver, vases, candelabra, bronze cases, several cases of surgical instruments, &c. What is extremely rare is, that there is a second and even a third story, which are ascended by a wide flight of stairs. On a small painting near the stair-case is the name and rank of the owner, in scarcely legible characters; and from which it appears that he was one of the Decurion or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and the rooms are ornamented with corals and painted paintings, one of which represents a young girl, with a mask and a fagoleet. Hence the house has received the name of "casa della Sonatrice," or "casa dell' Ercole ubriaco." This is the most recent excavation in Pompeii.—*Literary Gazette.*

VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.—The authorship of this too celebrated work is no longer a secret. Public opinion now universally, and we believe correctly, ascribes it to the younger of two literary brothers in Edinburgh, the conjoint proprietors and editors of a well known popular weekly journal.—*Dumfriess Standard.*

THE SETTLER AT HOME.—"Conscious that he is respected only for his character as an upright man, and that, as every one knows he is not wealthy, it would be ridiculous to affect the appearance of wealth, he wears the coarsest garments with more pleasure than the finest coat, and draws all his happiness from domestic sources. His sons and daughters, equally indifferent to show—the latter, at least, are always neatly dressed—are busied with their different duties, all tending to promote the general comfort."

"Happy family!—how pleasantly the evenings pass in your society! Gladly would I ride many miles to spend such pleasant hours, and witness happiness so unpretending and real. How cheerful looks that large room, with its glorious fire of jarra-wood and black boys (for it is the winter season,) and how lightly those young girls move about, arranging the tea-table, and preparing for the evening meal! The kind-hearted mother, relieved of all duties but that of superintendence, sits by the fire chatting cheerfully with the guest, whose eyes, nevertheless, wander round the room after a certain light and dancing shape; the host, a man of old, but stalwart in appearance, full of hospitality and noble courtesy, appears in his easy slippers and an old well-worn coat, which formerly had been service in London ball-rooms. He discourses not only of the crops and colonial politics, but of literature, and the last news from England; for, like many other colonists, he receives the English papers, and patronizes the *Quarterly Review*. On the sofa lie the latest numbers of *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*—some four months old, of course—for the ladies like fun and pictures, whilst their father laboriously wades through a three months' accumulation of the *Times*.

"With what alacrity the old gentleman rises up, and welcomes a traveler, who has unexpectedly arrived, and has just stabled his horse, and seen him fed before he made his appearance in the parlour! There is no beating about the bush for a bed or an invitation to supper. Of the latter he is certain, and indifferent to the former; for, having slept the last night under a tree, he feels sure of making himself comfortable on the sofa, or on the heath-rug before the fire. And then the girls, who have no affectation or nonsense about them, crowd round the new-arrived, and ply him with questions about their young friends in other parts of the colony, and whether he was at the last ball at Government-house, and what was most worn on that occasion—until the good man, laughing, breaks through the circle, declaring he will answer no more questions till he has had his supper, and it may be, a glass of whiskey-toddy screaming hot."

"During the evening the girls sing, and happily they sing well; and they take most pleasure in those songs which papa likes best to hear. And the poor bachelor-guest, who looks on, feels his heart melting within him, and reviles himself for the desolation in which he lives at home. Suddenly, perhaps, horses at a gallop are heard to enter the yard; and soon afterwards two young fellows, fresh from the capital, come dashing into the room, full of spirits, and vowing they have galloped over on purpose to ascertain whether the ladies were still living. Here is authority of undoubted value for everything relating to the ball at Government-house, and the merits and appearance of every person who attended it are soon brought under discussion. This naturally inspires the young people with a desire to dance; so the tables are cleared, and papa being squeezed nearly into the fire, mamma takes her place at the piano, and bursts off with the *Annen polka*.

"It may seem strange to you, dear reader, who have an idea that colonists are merely wild beasts, that such things should be. But so it is; and though people may dance the *Cellarius* with more gravity in the saloons of St. James's, I question whether dancing be half the fun there that our light-hearted colonists seem to think it. There are no strangers in small colonies; it is always a family party dancing together, and, consequently, people are as merry as if it were Christmas-time all the year round."—*Landor's Bushman; or life in a new Country.*

CAPUCHIN CEMETERY.—"The Capuchins of the monastery on the south slope of the Pincian are interred under their own church. After they have lain a sufficient time for the worm or the damp to divest the bones of the enveloping muscles, the brotherhood descend into the narrow house, and raise the skeleton from its long repose. They then place it in an upright position in the chapel exactly under the church, and dress it in the coarse robes the Capuchin wears during life. There may be seen a spectacle sufficiently harrowing to a group so gaunt and grim, probably, has never existed, except in the pages of poetry or romance. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.' There they stand, as silent as the galleys have left—dark and mute as midnight. It is a scene that freezes, casting over the heart some of the gloom that surrounds the place, and reflecting there much of its desolation. The bare skulls and the hollow eyes meet you at every step, and it is impossible to divest oneself of the idea that they are unearthly, looking upon you, and searching into your soul. While we wander in this wide grave imagination gives them life, and in the flickering light of the torch a limb seems now to be in motion and hand now to be upraised, those bare teeth seem to chatter, and that dark form to move suddenly towards you. There they stand in files, as if you had visited Pluto's realms and beheld unveiled the dread proceedings below. A minute before all was life in the streets above—here is the stillness and reality of death. There the Italian sun bathes towers and temples in its living light; but here darkness was removed only to discover decay. I pity the poor Capuchin who looks forward to this as his resting-place; denied the slumber of the tomb—that sleep that knows no waking—pillowed with no sister or sire, nor with the freshness of morn over his cold bed, the sunbeams warming it into verdure, or the starlight falling upon it, like messengers from Heaven. His sleep is broken, the sanctuary of his repose defiled, that he may stand as a gaze-stock to the stupid populace—a mark for the sneer of the thoughtless or the jest of the profane. Such a scene certainly can be of no use to the living, and it is obviously deficient in respect for the dead. The earth, our common mother, claims those perishing elements, and it would seem to be sacrilege to take them from her bosom."—*Vicary's Notes of a Residence in Rome.*

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith.*

Think not of others' faults; but of their virtues and thine own defects.

### From Sharpe's Magazine.

#### The Wedding Day.

"I am married! I am married! Weep, ye flitting maids of Cam; The dead is done, the point is carried—What a lucky day I am! What a pleasant dream my life is! (Best of dreams, because 'tis true!) What a charming thing a wife is! (I almost wish that I had two.)"

Noble brow of thought and feeling— Lips whose music breathes her spell— Cheeks whose blushes are revealing What that music does not tell— Eyes, in whose blue depths divine, oh! Purest spirits delight to lodge— All these beauties now are mine, oh! Marriage is a splendid lodge!

I'm so glad I fixed on Nancy! Laura speaks so sweet and quick; Caroline quite took my fancy; But her ankles are too thick; Jane should be an heir's breadth shorter, Helen is a size too small, Rose is too dark, and much portier, Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely! Maiden ladies only know— Oh, I pity them immensely, They have much to undergo! Never sleep when they are alone, Whispers, blushes, smiles, and tears, But 'tis hardly fair to mention All that, poor little dears!

Nancy's hit the proper mood; (What the French call *je te mities*.) Who could feel so much of tenderness, Sportive Nancy, when you say? Gentle, tender, soft, complying, Yet not wanting intellect, On my very glance relying, Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I pressed her, By one little word to bind me! On my kneed knees addressed her, 'Till the darling whispered 'yes'; Half a dozen men of fashion All rejected for my sake, To reward her soft compassion What a husband I will make!

When she plays I'll turn the leaves, and When she works I'll hold the skein, Soothe her kindly if she grieves, and If she laughs I'll laugh again; And stand in rainy weather, Give her the easy chair, Never smoke when we're together, Nor at other women's stear.

Every moment I shall love her, Let her have a female friend, Never sleep when she is alone, Make her presents without end, Pay her bills when she requires it, Fill her purse with joyful haste, Cut my hair if she desires it, (But I'll never cut my hair, taste!) To reward her soft compassion What a husband I will make!

Happy then, thrice happy we love, Thus to share so bright a fate, Married life to us shall be, Love, one delightful tale—*etc.*

Turn me from the world's careening, Cut my hair if she desires it, To enjoy life's dearest blessing, At our own beloved friends!

T. B. Macaulay.

The English give regular portraits of their distinguished men. We seldom read one of them that we do not fancy the subject described, as sitting to the artist who sketches him, for a full length, of the fidelity of which we have no misgivings. Antithesis, contrast, striking anecdote, a stirring and breezy sort of style, often mark these delineations of the character, of living men. Here is a sample from *Tait*. It is said to be "true," it is certainly, in its way, quite "forcible."

"Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorical without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddeth, the light which never was on sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream."

"To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind without leading the minds of others one point farther than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble figure, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. Macaulay the 'Lucky' he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise."

"With a rare combination of the arts of life and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principle, if not only end. He is gifted, but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the greatest alone can entirely dispense with); but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in a gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly yet magnificently adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maitre, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action."

"He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage civilization. The question, if he thought Cromwell or Dante a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with

Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and jealousy as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each dusty page and time-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely, and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming with Bunyan in Elstow—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new *Neluchadnezzar* whirlwind—whether in Coleridge,

"With soul as strong as a mountain river, Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver," or in Voltaire, shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired."

A COQUETTE.—"In her conversation she assumes an air of absence; and although every expression is studied, she wishes that her words should appear to be the result of momentary inspirations, and that thinking might seem too troublesome an occupation. Whether she moves her head or her hand—her foot or her fan—she telegraphs, 'Look at me.' As she flies from one admirer to another, she also flutters from one book to some other publication in vogue. Thus she collects a smattering store of ideas, which she knows how to retail in the small change of social intercourse. Without mind, she passes for a clever woman, her chief accomplishment being the art of clothing the ideas of others in the fanciful garb of her own whimsical conceptions. *Marie* is in every action—habitually so, even in her sleep—she is in turn most careful in ornamenting her person, or negligent in her attire, according to the character of the individual she seeks to captivate, or the circle in which she is anxious to shine. One of her great attainments in the art of pleasing and of surprising, is that of knowing, by her searching looks, what a man was going to say before he speaks, thus preparing a reply before his speech was ended. To patronize his delight, therefore is she ever ready to serve you; patronization confers obligation, and obligation is, to a certain degree, an admission of superiority; and nothing can render this sense of obligation more irksome than the apparent desire, on her part, to make it appear that she was obliged to you for the opportunity of conferring the favor. The society of such a woman must be attractive, for she regulates its convenience with great art; to equalize the prizes she moves in, is her study, and she prides herself in levelling the ranks around her. A coquette of this description will abound in the sense of the witty and wise, for even wisdom is not exempt from her toils. On such occasions she pretends to display conviction. She will also agree with a coxcomb; but then her eyes, and her lips, and her nose, and her dimpled cheek, proclaim to the group around her, the ridicule of the flattered fool. This coquette is rarely jealous, for she is afraid of jealousy from principle; for this scrutinizing passion, in seeking for faults which it wishes to detect, discovers good qualities which it does not wish to find. Respectful love she despises; love, to please her, must show deference. Her study is to produce effect. She will not cease in pretending to love you, until she loves another; infidelity would lose all its charms, were it not rendered more poignant when seasoned by perfidiousness."—*Millington's Mind and Matter.*

EDUCATION.—"Intellectually speaking, man is not gregarious, but every mind has a track of its own as well as a body of its own. To force incongruous numbers to the same inkstone tasks, is a violence to nature which extends disorder alike to the moral, the intellectual, and the corporeal being. Mental fellowship and co-operation are indeed essential to enlarged success; but to drive boys, like a herd, to the same pasture, is neither to strengthen the bonds of society nor to develop individual character. Those who have felt the value of mental culture, and have taken their course untrammelled by task-work, have generally shown their intellectual vigor by a greater capacity of endurance, as well as by freedom, boldness, and healthiness of thought. We may as well look for easy walking in a Chinese lady, whose feet have grown in iron shoes, and those very small ones, as for easy thinking in a mind that has been cast in a mould constructed to suit the ministration of the mill. The reflective and perceptive faculties are too generally sacrificed at school for the sake of mere verbal memory; and hence those who were really most highly endowed, appeared, while there, the most deficient scholars; such as Liebig, Newton, and Walter Scott. In conclusion of this chapter we may observe, that the modern system of education appears to be altogether unchristian; undoubtedly it contributes much to swell the fearful list of diseases, for it is founded on an unhealthy emulation, which ruins many both in body and in soul, while it qualifies none the better, either for business, knowledge, usefulness, or enjoyment; but rather, together with the influence of the money value of intellect, causes the most heroic spirits of our age to hang upon vulgar opinion and the state of the market. No less so, indeed, when the lessons are introduced by prayer and ended by fogging, than when the riotous spirit of youth is left to itself to gather motives and morals from the poetic diatribes, bewildering ethics and impure histories of an emasculated heathenism. Instruction should be valued only as it helps the mind forward to an acquaintance with natural and revealed facts; and as the proper inducement to study and research is enjoyment, this should be made to depend on the example and pleasure of those who rightly direct us. Heaven claims our hearts for no other reason and on no other principle."—*Moore's Power of the Soul and Body.*

COLOR OF THE SKIN.—Some undefined circumstances in the constitution of the celestial bodies produces the effect of their exhibiting not only a different degree, but a different kind of lustre. Their light is by no means uniform. The ray of Sirius differs not merely in intensity, but in kind from that of Vega; that is perceptible in this country, but in those favored regions where the atmosphere is more pure—where less of humidity and haze exist—the difference is striking, even to the naked eye, "one star differing from another in glory." One star shines as an emerald, while another glows as a ruby, adorning the winter's sky with a rich variety of sparkling gems, differing more in size than they do in hue or brilliancy!

### Last Night and Execution of the Girondins.

"They were all confined for this last night in the great dungeon—that Hall of Death. The tribunal had ordered that the still warm corpse of Valaze should be taken back to the prison, carried on the same cart with his accomplices to the place of execution, and buried with them." "The gendarmes placed the body in a corner of the prison. The Girondins, one after the other, kissed the heroic hand of their friend. They covered his face with his mantle. 'To-morrow!' said they to the corpse; and they gathered their strength for the coming day. It was near midnight. The deputy Baillet, proscribed like them, but concealed in Paris, had promised to send to them from without on the day of their judgment a last repast—of triumph or of death, according as they might be acquitted or condemned. By the help of a friend, he kept his word. The funeral supper was spread in the great dungeon. Costly viands, rare wines, flowers and lights covered the oak table of the prison."

The meal lasted till the dawn of day. Vergniaud, seated near the centre of the table, presided with the same calm dignity which he had preserved during the night of the 10th of August while presiding over the Convention.

The guests ate and drank with sobriety—merely to recruit their strength. Their discourse was grave and solemn—though not sad. Many of them spoke of the immortality of the soul, and expressed their belief in a future life. Towards morning, several retired to their cells—about thirteen remained in the great dungeon.—The Abbé Lambert, the friend of Brissot—who had been waiting at the door of their dungeon all night—was then allowed to enter and offer his ministry.

"At ten (says M. de Lamarine) the executioners entered to prepare the heads of the condemned for the knife and bind their hands." "Gensonne picking up a lock of his dark hair, handed it to the Abbé Lambert, begging the priest to give it to his wife—whose place of refuge he named to him. 'Tell her that this is all I can send her; but that every one of my dying thoughts is directed towards her.' Vergniaud drew forth his watch, and wrote with the point of a pin a few initials and the date of the 30th October in the golden case. He then slipped it into the hand of one of the spectators in order that it might be given to a young girl for whom he entertained a brotherly love—and whom it was said he intended to have married."

Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they embraced each other as a sign of communion in freedom, in life and in death. They then resumed their funeral strain in order to encourage themselves mutually, and send to the last moment the voice of his friends to the one undergoing execution. All died bravely—Silvery with irony. Placed on the platform, he walked round it, bowing to the people as though to thank them for glory and the scaffold. Each time the axe came down, a voice less heard. The rows of the condemned gradually thinned at the foot of the guillotine. One voice alone continued the *Marseillaise* to the last—it was that of Vergniaud. Those deathless strains were his last words."—*Lamarine's History of the Girondins.*

OLD LETTERS.—I have always thought, that if it were possible to keep the letters of our youth until the same ripened years of age came upon us—the most beautiful, as well as the most saddening recollections that could then be awakened, would be called up by their perusal. How much too, would the general hue of those recollections be tinged by the tenor of our after-life! Through what a roseate medium would the favorite of fortune, on whose head her gifts have descended in an uninterrupted shower—how pleasantly would he look back, upon the, to him, golden past, and think of all those with whom he sported, and with whom life, perhaps, had passed far less joyously. And what a bitter retrospect to one whose years have passed on only to heap sorrow upon sorrow, is it to look over these mute yet eloquent records of withered hopes, blighted anticipations, and pledges forever broken. Yet is there a pleasure, the more keenly felt perhaps, from its nearness to grief, arising from this phantasmagoria of the imagination, conjured up by a packet of old letters. Even now, as I occasionally look over a few, not very old, to be sure, I feel a singular thrill of disappointment, when I see how very little human anticipations have of reality to build upon. I believe, that, of the many projects to which my fertile fancy has given birth, not for myself alone, but others, not one has been realized. And the weary picture of hope deferred, languishing, dying—sickness my very heart, now, while all is still fresh in my mind; and every circumstance bears the distinct newness of yesterday. It may be but in the lapse of time, this feeling will wear off, and I shall only think of these things as I do of boyish disappointments in the days of my school—*From a Letter of a young Correspondent.*

A MONKEY'S FUR.—A monkey tied to a stake was robbed by the Johnny Crows (in the West Indies) of his food, and he conceived the following plan of punishing the thieves. He feigned death, and lay perfectly motionless on the ground, near to his stake. The birds approached by degrees, and got near enough to steal his food, which he allowed them to do. This he repeated several times, till they became so bold as to come within the reach of his claws. He calculated his distance, and laid hold of one of them. Death was not his plan of punishment. He was more refined in his cruelty. He plucked every feather out of the bird, and then let him go and show himself to his companions. He made a man of him, according to the ancient definition of a "biped without feathers."—*Illustrations of Instinct.*

COLD BEDROOMS.—A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all—the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes, than that of the latter."—*Journal of Health.*

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom. Fuller.

Never insist too much, especially in things of trifling value.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability, men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and selfhumiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want not dolls for their companions; and women who would wish such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringletina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing, but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a fox-hunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go on to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of bodice."—*Mrs. Thompson.*

AGRICULTURE.—Husbandry and warfare will, some season, have their positions inverted; just as the executioner's is an appropriate office now, instead of being a covetable post, as in some former times. In the eye of an angel, and in the world, as it ought to be, the scars of labor